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ON ELEGIAC POETRY.

From MISCELLANEOUS WORKS, by J. BLAIR LINN.

(Concluded from Page 105.)

THE next poet I shall mention is Micle, the elegiac champion of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. There appears to me a great similarity between the strain of Mason and Micle. How far my opinion is just, the reader may judge. I shall content myself with taking an extract from his Pollio, an elegy written in the wood near R—— Castle.

THE bank, the river and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
So shone the moon thro' these soft nodding trees
When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side,
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn,
Unfold their bloom in heaven's own colour dy'd.

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful mind,
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright fancy all her wealth resign'd.

Him with the purest flame the Muse endow'd,
Flames never to th' sibilant thought ally'd;
The sacred sisters led where virtue glow'd
In all her charms: he saw, he felt, and dy'd.

Oh, partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'er flows,
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise
And dwells luxurious on her meek woe's.

Oft with the rising sun when life was new
Along the woodland have I rovd with thee,
Oft by the moon have brush'd the ev'ning dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The fainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
But now the hill the river crown'd with pines,
And fainted well, have lost their cheering pow'rs.

It is remarkable that the amiable and more tender feelings of the soul, particularly a disposition for friendship, distinguish the celebrated writers of elegy, more than the other ranks of poets. These four whom I have mentioned are eminent examples of it. Micle, in these verses I have just quoted, with all the tender glow of friendship,

and the smoothness and harmony of the poet, strikes his plaintive lyre, in honour of his deceased Pollio.* He makes the groves and the lawns, the places where they had formerly roamed together, the partakers of his sorrow.

The last elegiac writer I shall mention, is Mr. Merry, or Della Crusca, the delightful correspondent of Anna Matilda. He breathes in many lines the pure strain of poetry; as doth also his fair admirer Matilda. In no place do I as much feel the pathos of his pen, as where he breaks out into the sorrowful music of elegy. The following three verses, describing the fallen soldier, I shall only extract from him——

Tho' on the plain he lies outstretch'd and pale,
Without one friend his steadfast eyes to close;
Yet on his honoured corse shall many a gale
Waft the moist fragrance of the weeping rose.

O'er that dread spot the melancholy moon,
Shall pause a while a sadder beam to shed,
And awful night amidst her starry noon,
Sprinkle light dews upon his hallowed head.

There too the solitary birds shall swell
With long drawn melody their plaintive throat,
While distant echo, from responsive cell,
Shall oft with fading force return the note.

* Pollio was Mickle's brother, the natural affection of brotherly love was heightened in the poet's bosom by esteem and friendship.

MILITARY COURTSHIP.

A curious old Danish Anecdote.

THE method which king Sigar took to gain the affections of Avilda, daughter of the king of Gothland, was somewhat uncommon. This lady, contrary to the manners and disposition of her sex, exercised the profession of piracy, and was scouring the seas with a powerful fleet, while a sovereign prince was offering sacrifices to her beauty at the shrine of love. Perceiving that this masculine lady was not to be gained by the usual arts of lovers, Sigar took the extraordinary resolution of addressing her in a mode more agreeable to her humour. He fitted out a fleet, went in quest of her, and engaged her in a furious battle, which continued two days without remission; thus gaining possession of a heart to be conquered only by valour.

HISTORY OF
DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.*(Continued from page 107.)*

DON Pedro could not behold this spectacle without the most pressing emotions of grief, tenderness and pity. He assured them again and again that he would neglect nothing to prevent all that Balthazar might undertake against their happiness; and, as the first step, it was agreed in this little council, that they should assemble together all the members of both the two houses of Zuares and Suza, and inform them of the obstacle put to their long intended alliance, and engage both the one and the other to oppose it with all their power.

As these two families were the most ancient and considerable in the kingdom, it might be presumed, that acting in concert, they should be able to prevail over a man of illustrious birth indeed, but who owed his present greatness to a reverse of fortune, very grievous to all who were attached to the ancient establishment. Don Pedro lost no time in this affair, and the next day all the kindred and allies of Donna Elvira and of Don Sebastian met together, to whom this good old man reported the reason of his summoning them in this solemn manner. Elvira was the only person of both the families who was absent at this assembly, her modesty not permitting her to be present at the debates which she knew must be held on this subject.

Don Pedro represented the case as the head of the house of Zuares, and Don Sebastian as the chief of that of Suza; they both declared themselves in such eloquent and touching terms, that the family of Zuares, who, at first, were a little dazzled with the advantages which might accrue to them, from the marriage of Elvira with Don Balthazar, changed their sentiments as soon as they heard Sebastian speak, and swore to oppose with their whole might, the designs of Lama, and go all together, and prostrate themselves at the feet of King Philip, to conjure him not to interpose his authority for the dissolving a contract long since made, and which honour and probity ought to render indissoluble.

This resolution taken, they judged it, however, improper to be prosecuted, till Don Balthazar should speak more plain. Donna Catherine Mendoce, the mother of Suza, thought it best, that the marriage between Elvira and Sebastian should be immediately solemnized, in order to take from Don Balthazar all possibility of compassing his intent; but the Zuares opposed that motion, giving for reason, that as Balthazar had mingled the name of King in the conversation he had with Don Pedro, it was imprudent to do any thing precipitately: since it was not to be imagined that he would have spoken in that manner, without the consent of his majesty; and, after such words, the celebration of the marriage would be looked upon as a premeditated disobedience: they rather thought it better to make public preparations for the marriage, as a thing designed before, and which they had no apprehensions of danger in accomplishing.

Though these sentiments were directly contrary to those of Suza, yet he was obliged to conform to them, this advice being approved of by the greatest part of the

assembly, after which, they separated with a new assurance, that they would defend Elvira for Sebastian, by all the ways they could, without flying in the face of Majesty.

While these things were doing, Don Balthazar de Lama suffered not himself to be idle: the manner in which Don Pedro had received his proposal of marriage with his niece, piqued his pride in the most sensible manner, and resolving not to be overcome in a matter of so much consequence, departed the same day for the Court of Spain; where he exerted his interest so successfully with Philip, that he not only approved his alliance with the house of Zuares, but, in favour of his marriage, gave him the government of Goa, and made him Viceroy in the Indies. He had no sooner obtained these magnificent titles, than he hastened back to Lisbon, furnished with letters to the President of the Council, to oblige Don Pedro to compliance with his desires.

The news of this sudden elevation, filled with jealousy and consternation the hearts of all those who pretended to that post by their services: those of the family of Suza were among the number of the malcontents, but they had, in a little time, a new subject of hatred against Lama: he having heard, at his arrival, that magnificent preparations were making for the nuptials of Elvira and Don Sebastian, occasioned an immediate stop to be put to them. The President of the Council was his intimate friend, and had no sooner received the orders from the King of Spain, than he sent for Don Pedro, to whom he declared the intentions of that monarch were, that he should give his niece to Don Balthazar de Lama; and, for that end, break all engagements he had entered into before the knowledge thereof.

It was in vain Don Pedro alledged the laws of honour, the mutual passion of the two lovers, and the ceremony of making them one, just ready to be compleated; he could obtain no other answer from the President, than that it was the King's pleasure, and that he had a precise order to see it complied with. Don Pedro was sensibly touched at this violence; and hoping it might yet be dispensed with, at least willing to have nothing wherewith to reproach himself, he summoned both the families a second time, to remind them of the promise they had made in behalf of Elvira's contract with Sebastian. All those of the house of Suza came readily, being animated by all the motives of glory and ambition; but the greatest part of the Zuares were absent, and those who came, said, they had promised to oppose Don Balthazar, but not the orders of his Majesty: and that it was neither the duty nor the interest of their family, that Don Pedro should refuse his niece to an offer so advantageous as Don Balthazar de Lama, Viceroy of the Indies, and Governor of Goa.

Then Don Pedro seeing himself condemned to break his promise, even by those of his own family, had no other answer, to make to the reproaches of Don Sebastian, than shewing him the orders of the King. 'Tis easy to conceive the excess of grief, in which the two lovers were now plunged: all the city took part in their misfortunes, but none durst undertake any thing to remedy them. The beautiful Elvira was in a situation the most cruel that can be imagined; forced to receive the visits of Don

Balthazar, and deprived for ever, of the sight of her dear Sebastian; all her thoughts were continually taken up in lamenting her ill fortune, and in contriving unavailing stratagems to retard a marriage which she looked on as the sentence of her death.

Don Pedro had obtained eight days of the President, under pretence of employing that time in persuading Elvira to the marriage; but in effect to think of some measure, if possible, to break it off. He tried every mode to oblige Lama to desist his pursuit; set before his eyes the injustice and barbarity of separating two persons, whose hearts were cemented by the strictest ties: then represented the little contentment he could expect with a wife who was so but by force; and, in fine, urged all that honour, wisdom, or piety could suggest against this match.

But these remonstrances were far from effecting the desired purpose; Balthazar had other views in an alliance with Elvira, and wanted delicacy of soul to be touched either with her sufferings, or the resentment she might have against him, for this constraint on her inclinations.

(To be continued.)

Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by
Mrs. GRIFFITH.

LETTER X.

ON THE EARLY INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN IN THE
BEAUTIES OF NATURE; AND IN HUMILITY, COMPAS-
SION, INDUSTRY, &c. (Continued from Page 108.)

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

AS children are extremely subject to fear, which is still increased by the foolish stories of servants, it were well to impress their tender minds with such a sense of *trust* and *confidence* in the ever present Deity, as may be of the utmost importance in their future life:—shew them that nothing can be so near to terrify them, as God is to guard, support, and protect them; and that their Almighty Helper is *at hand*; that if dangers threaten, their impregnable defence is near.—Children in general are fearful of being left alone: to rectify this grievance, the most early care should be taken to assure them, that God is ever present, even in the solemn midnight hour of darkness, as in the cheerful noon-day's sun.—Above all cultivate this sense of living under the immediate eye of the Almighty; make it habitual:—this will not only strengthen and fortify their minds from being impressed with unnecessary fears on the most trivial occasion, but will give them that determined spirit and resolution which will be a perpetual source of comfort and advantage to them during the remainder of their lives.

A child thus imbibing this idea of the presence of the Almighty, may be easily taught how cautious *he* should be of his words and actions.—Methinks I hear it asked, with surprise, “What *crime* can a child of five years old commit?” I answer, Many—cruelty, lies, obstinacy, &c. are the common faults of that early age; we then often see a kind of *stubborn* temper shewing itself very plainly, which frequently gives the considerate parent the most bitter anguish for the fatal consequences of a temper,

which in future life may be productive of the greatest evils. It is often extremely difficult to eradicate this *stubborn* disposition; but nothing is so likely to be effectual, as a strong assurance to the child, that he is acting under the immediate eye of the Almighty God: Let him know that he is to *fear* that God, and be taught to know *no other fear*.

A child of the above early age may be taught pity for every suffering object in distress. We should endeavour to teach them what Shakespeare calls

“The very virtue of compassion.”

The most lovely sight I ever beheld, was a little prating girl of five years old, who had entered into discourse with a poor beggar girl of the same age, for whom she had pulled off her shoes and cap, and was weeping because her mother would not let her give away her stockings like-wife.

It has been said, that all the social affections are founded on self-love: but can it be possible a child of the above tender age could be capable of reflection? In that case, she must have *imagined herself* in the miserable situation of the poor child she wished to relieve, which I cannot suppose she had reflection to do.—*Self-satisfaction* is certainly the consequence of benevolence, and of those actions by which it is shewn; but I think it is not always the *motive* to our good-actions, or good wishes.

Children cannot be too early instructed in humility, and in their *love* to the *poor*; in order to which, it is necessary to convince them of the dependant state of mankind on each other; that we are *obliged* to the lowest and meanest of the community in general for every necessary of life. A conversation of the following kind would have its use:—“Observe my children, those poor peasants toiling in the sultry field, overcome with heat and fatigue; it is for you they are laboriously reaping that grain which is the support of life: it was for you they first manured the soil, then sowed the seed; for you they suffer the extremes of thirst and hunger. How can we sufficiently reward them? Let us see what can be done for the poor helpless children of such parents. To these useful peasants too we are obliged for the fuel, which in winter prepares the fires to warm us; see, my children, the patient woodman enduring the inclement wintry skies; he risks his limbs to fell the sturdy oak, or takes his weary way to the thick-tangled copse or dangerous brake, where lurks the spotted snake or poisonous adder, to procure us wood for fuel. Again, for us he boldly explores the coal-pit's secret mine, adventurous task; though death too oft attends the arduous toil. Ah! my children, whilst we are solacing in warm apartments, cheered by the ruddy fire or blazing flame, let us think how to procure covering for the shivering limbs of those poor wretches; let us be mindful, whilst we repose careless at our ease, of the unremitting toil of the useful, the industrious *poor*—let us endeavour to reward their labours. It is the *poor*, my little ones, *not* the *rich*, who are entitled to our consideration.” A plain discourse of this kind, immediately directed to the young susceptible heart, would, I am convinced, not only imprint a deep compassion, but would also instil an affectionate benevolence, an early love for that

unfortunate part of the community, to whom in fact (however they are *paid* for their labour) we owe much.—Children should be accustomed early to be *careful* and *provident* of what, from the luxury of the present age, is now deemed necessary to be conveyed from even the farthest corners of the globe. Amazing! that the burning line must be twice crossed, before a modern tea-table can be furnished!—with many other articles too tedious to enumerate. A lesson of frugality may however from hence be conveyed to our little ones: as the following:—“We must be careful, my children, of this precious store; for this the poor sailor left his native land, and braved perhaps the horrors of shipwreck. Alas! I shudder but to think of the sufferings of those miserable wretches!—what storms, what tempests have they weathered! let us be careful how we lavish a treasure gained by such difficulties!” You may too by this subject give the little inquisitive minds an idea of commerce, trade, and merchandize. I am inclined to think (nay now I know it from experience) that many children of the rich in general are so far from being taught to *esteem* the *poor* (those most industrious, necessary part of the community) that they are even made to look upon them as a different kind of *species*.

[Remainder of this letter in our next.]

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P H E B E S M I T H.

A MORAL TALE.

SWEET as the voice of the syren is the language of sensibility; soft as the aspect of nature, when the genius of storms meditates, in silence, a tumultuous descent; but oft, like the prelusive calm, it contains the seeds of mischief; and, like the harmony of the syren, should be heard with distrust. As the delightful beverage of the vineyard, it attunes the heart to the most generous and salutary affections: but, with that, steals insensibly on the imagination; and, unless tempered by the according hand of discretion, debases where it should refine, and enervates where it should confirm.

Sensibility, though undoubtedly propitious to virtue, like all excellencies, has it's counterfeit, and, when carried to an extreme, degenerates into vice. The spirit of nature rejoices in equanimity; and prefers, for her residence, the bowers of spring.

Phœbe Smith was the only and darling child of Captain Smith; a military gentleman, who, having devoted the flower of his days to the honourable service of his country, retired at fifty-six, crowned with the well-earned laurel, to a small family estate in Flintshire, England. His avocations were such as will naturally suggest themselves to be most eligible to a liberal and polished mind. An union of thirty years had improved, rather than impaired, the affection of an amiable wife; and the dutiful demeanor of his daughter, founded on principle, was confirmed by parental tenderness. So entire a confidence, indeed, subsisted between the members of this little family, that they might truly be said to experience that summit of terrestrial joy, domestic felicity. Unhappily, however, a chief trait in the character of Phœbe was an ingenuous benevolence of heart; which, through judging of others by herself,

induced her generally to attribute more sincerity to mankind than common experience will authorize. She also possessed a delicate sensibility; which, by an immediate attachment to what is called sentimental literature, became so exquisitely refined, that her affections grew too chimerical to satisfy, and her solitudes almost too poignant to support.

Her father witnessed this perversion of her mind with no little anxiety; but, in his attempts to reclaim her, averse to harshness, only took the mild methods of remonstrance and reasoning. “My dear Phœbe,” would he say, “Sensibility is the offspring of humanity; and, consequently, ought to be cherished: but let us be careful that the methods we take to improve, do not corrupt it. Too much indulgence is as detrimental as total neglect. Whenever we refine our ideas and affections to such a degree that the former cannot be reduced to practice, and the latter revolts at co-operating with the claims of society, there is great reason to suspect that we have transgressed the ordinances of nature; for virtue disclaims useless speculation, and society can only be benefited by alacrity and perseverance. I am afraid, that the world has more to dread, on the score of degeneracy, from those who stile themselves sentimental writers, than we are apt to conceive. The genuine effusions of honest sensibility, are of service to morality; but if we allow ourselves to be affected by the quaint bombast of a distempered fancy, or the querulous detail of a dissatisfied mind; we shall in all probability, imbibe the enthusiasm of the one, and the peevishness of the other. When the mind possesses strength to discriminate, and coolness to examine, little danger need be apprehended; but as the credulous impetuosity of youth often produces improper confidence, and fatal decisions; and, as we are always liable to be misled, through the arts of the designing, and the specious arguments of infatuated error; it is certainly most advisable, in such case, to consult experience for information, before we form conclusions, or meditate pursuits.

“Do not imagine that I would curtail your pleasures, I only wish to direct them to a proper channel; and I think it my duty to warn you against the inconveniences you are likely to suffer from an intemperate passion for a species of writing, generally captivating, but rarely natural; consequently calculated chiefly to affect our happiness, by vitiating our morals.”

Phœbe was nineteen, when Ensign Medhurst, son to an old school fellow of the Captain's, came down to pass a few weeks with our little family. He was a young man possessed of many accomplishments, but destitute of principle. He had never seen Phœbe before; and had not been long acquainted with her, before he resolved to repay the hospitality of the father by the ruin of the daughter. Active observations soon informed him of her ruling passion; and, by flattering this, he promised himself the attainment of his wish. Every one much conversant with sentimental novels, will readily conceive the methods which he took; and, from the same intelligence, will probably anticipate the catastrophe! His design accomplished. Medhurst, on a preconcerted scheme, took his leave at the villa sooner than was expected; but succeeded in consoling the heart-breaking

Phœbe, by assuring her, that the moment he had settled the business which unexpectedly called him away, he would assuredly return, and ask her hand of her father, being certain, he said, of obtaining the consent of his own.

Three months, however, passed without her seeing him; it is true, that he had twice written to her, from motives of policy, and this kept hope alive in her breast; nor was it till the expiration of that period, when she heard of his being married in London, that her eyes were completely open to his villainy, and her own shame. These circumstances operated so severely on her mind, as to throw her into a most violent fever; out of which she arose, after more than two months, an emaciated object of lunacy!

It was now, from her emphatic incoherencies, that the doating parents first gathered the occasion of their daughter's malady, and the knowledge of the wretch who had betrayed her. To attempt at describing the father's agonies, would be affectation; for the mother's, suffice it to say, that she fell an immediate victim to them!

But for the interference of an intimate friend of the Captain, he had set off immediately to London, that he might sacrifice Medhurst to the manes of his wife, and as an expiatory offering for the indiscretion of his child. This gentleman represented, that he was altogether unworthy of death inflicted by the hand of a man of honour; recommended him, for his child's sake, not to risk his own life; and assured him, that he would exert himself to the utmost, in bringing that villain to as condign a punishment as the law would allow.

The wretched parent seemed to be satisfied with these assurances, and endeavoured to appear composed; but this flattering appearance was like that of Etna, whose sides are covered with verdure, while fires prey on its entrails.

He had fully determined, in his own mind, to avenge his wrongs more effectually than the law would admit: for this purpose, unknown to his friend, he sent a pressing invitation to old Medhurst and his son, which he begged they would comply with as soon as possible. Frank, who had every thing to dread, made every excuse he reasonably could; but as his father was very partial to the Captain, he insisted on his compliance, and they set off together.

On their arrival, they were shewn into the parlour, where the Captain sat, with his friend, who was surprised at their unexpected appearance. Mr. Medhurst, after the first salutation, which he thought rather cool, enquired for Mrs. Smith, and Phœbe, and the reason why the family was in mourning. The Captain with a deep sigh, answered, that his wife was no more; and intreated their company, with that of his friend, to visit Phœbe, whom they would find in the garden.

She was now in so deplorable a state, as scarcely to remember the features of any one; and, when they discovered her, she was sitting in the very bower where she had first listened to her betrayer. Frank trembled at the approach, and shrunk back behind his father. She did not perceive them till they were close to the entrance.—“Hush!” she cried, “you’ve frightened him away; and he was saying the sweetest things! he knelt there, and when he said *he loved me*, oh! how the tears ran down

his cheeks—and my heart so fluttered—yes, he talked so charmingly—but, there I’ve a sad memory.”—Then taking up the remains of a rose, the leaves of which she had scattered on the ground—and looking wistfully at her father—“This was a pretty rose once!”—So striking an emblem of herself, heightened by the unconscious manner in which she uttered it, operated with full force on her father. He hid his face for a moment; and then, recollecting himself, re-assumed his previous sternness. At this moment, Frank, by altering his position, caught the eye of the afflicted girl; she surveyed him some time with a sort of confused terror; then rising from her seat, left the bower, and walked precipitately to the house. Their eyes followed her, till they lost sight of her, when the Captain thus addressed them—“This entertainment I have provided for you is a melancholy one, but necessity demands it; the fate of that unhappy girl was the death of her mother!”—Here he drew his hand across his eyes—“and her misery was occasioned by a wretch, who, while he eat at my table, planned the ruin of my child;” then turning to Frank, “do I speak falsely?” Hardened as he was in vice, the contemptible culprit hung his head, incapable of either denying the accusation or of offering the smallest excuse, while his father stood confounded with wonder and horror. But the silence of a few moments was interrupted by the Captain; who, drawing a case of pistols from his pocket, presented one to young Medhurst. “There, Sir, Would to God you had dealt as justly with me.” The father and the friend interfered in vain: the Captain was determined, they measured paces, and the seducer fell. It were needless to dwell on the ensuing scene. Mr. Medhurst applied to the bar of criminal jurisdiction for redress. The Captain resigned himself with cheerfulness; and, being found guilty of murder, heard with great firmness, sentence of death passed on him.

The very peculiar circumstance of his case, however, together with the recollection of his professional services, procured him the Royal mercy. But, though restored to society, he was not so to himself. He buried Phœbe soon after; sold his estate; and, retiring to one of the most remote parts of England, dedicated the short remainder of his life to brooding solitude, and hopeless sorrow.

—♦♦♦—
Anecdote of Montecuculi, the Italian General, and Competitor to the great Turenne.

THIS general when he commanded the Imperial army, had on a march given orders, on pain of death, that no one should walk over the corn. A soldier, returning from a village, ignorant of the orders, came through a path in a corn field. Montecuculi who perceived him, commanded the prevot to hang him. In the meanwhile, the soldier advanced towards the General, and pleaded his ignorance, to which Montecuculi replied, “The prevot must do his duty.” As all this occurred almost in an instant, the soldier was not yet disarmed, when full of rage and revenge he said, “I was not guilty before, but now I am,” and at the same time, fired his piece at the General.—It missed, and he was pardoned.

THE APPARITIONIST.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF COUNT O*****

Translated from the German of Schiller.

(Continued from Page 110.)

"YOU will have conjectured already continued the Sicilian, to what this conversation led us. I endeavoured to overcome the scruples of the *Chevalier*, and at last succeeded. We resolved to call the ghost of the deceased Jeronymo.—I only stipulated for a delay of a fortnight, in order, as I pretended, to prepare, in a suitable manner, for so solemn an act. The time being expired, and my machinery in readiness, I took the advantage of a very gloomy day, when we were all assembled as usual, to communicate the affair to the family; and not only brought them to consent to it, but even to make it a subject of their own request. The most difficult part of the task was to obtain the approbation of Antonia; whose presence was essential. My endeavours were, however, greatly assisted by the melancholy turn of her mind, and perhaps still more so, by a faint hope, that Jeronymo might still be living, and therefore would not appear. A want of confidence in the thing itself was the only obstacle which I had not to remove.

"Having obtained the consent of the family, the third day was fixed on for the operation. I prepared them for the solemn transaction by mystical instruction, by fasting, solitude, and prayers, which I ordered to be continued till late at night. Much use was also made of a certain musical instrument,* unknown till that time, and which, in such cases, has often been found very powerful. The effect of these artifices was so much beyond my expectation, that the enthusiasm, to which on this occasion I was obliged to force myself, was infinitely heightened by that of my audience. The anxiously expected moment at last arrived."

"I guess" said the Prince, "whom you are now going to introduce. But go on, go on."

"No, my Prince. The deception succeeded according to my wishes."

"Now? Where is then the Arminian?"

"Do not fear my Prince. He will appear but too soon. I omit the description of the farce itself, as it would lead me to too great a length. It is sufficient to say, that it answered my expectation. The old *Marquis*, the young Countess, her mother, Lorenzo, and another person of the family were present. You will imagine that during my long residence in this house, I had not wanted opportunities of gathering information respecting every thing that concerned the

* Perhaps he means the *Harmonica*, a musical instrument used of late years in Germany. It is composed of a number of glass wheels, which revolve on an axle, and produce, on being touched, different degrees of sounds, according to their different sizes. The harmony produced by this instrument is of a kind so languishing and delightful, that very extraordinary effects are said to have been produced by it.—When skilfully touched it is remarkably adapted to lull the mind into a tender and solemn melancholy, on which account it is frequently used in theatres to prepare the audience for any thing uncommonly impressive, such as the introduction of ghosts, &c.

"deceased.—Several of his portraits enabled me to give the apparition a striking likeness, and as I suffered the ghost to speak only by signs, the sound of his voice could excite no suspicion.

"The departed Jeronymo appeared in the dress of a Moorish Slave, with a deep wound in his neck.—You observe that in this respect I was counteracting the general supposition that he had perished in the waves. I had reason to hope that this unexpected circumstance would heighten the belief in the apparition itself, for nothing appeared to me more dangerous than to be too natural."

"I think you judged well," said the Prince. "In whatever respects apparitions, the most probable is the least acceptable. If their communications are easily comprehended, we undervalue the channel, by which they are obtained.—Nay, we even suspect the reality of the miracle, if the discoveries which it brings to light, are such as might easily have been imagined. Why should we disturb the repose of a spirit, if it is to inform us of nothing more than the ordinary powers of the intellect are capable of teaching us? But on the other hand, if the intelligence which we receive is extraordinary and unexpected, it confirms in some degree the miracle by which it is obtained; for who can doubt an operation to be supernatural, when its effect could not be produced by natural means?—I have interrupted you," added the Prince. "Proceed in your narrative."

"I asked the ghost whether there was any thing in this world which he still considered as his own, and whether he had left any thing behind that was particularly dear to him; The ghost thrice shook his head, and lifted up his hand towards heaven. Previous to his retiring, he dropt a ring from his finger, which was found on the floor after he had disappeared. Antonia took it, and looking at it attentively, she knew it to be the wedding ring she had given her intended husband."

"The wedding ring!" exclaimed the Prince, surprised. "How did you get it?"

"Who?—I! It was not the true one—I got it!

"It was only a counterfeit."

"A counterfeit!" repeated the Prince. "But in order to counterfeit, you required the true one. How did you come at it? Surely the deceased never went without it."

"That is true," replied the Sicilian, with symptoms of confusion. "But from a description which was given me of the genuine wedding ring . . ."

"A description which was given you! By whom?"

"Long before that time; it was a plain gold ring, and had, I believe, the name of the young Countess engraved on it. But you made me lose the connection."

"What happened farther?" said the Prince, with a very dissatisfied countenance.—

"The family fancied themselves convinced that Jeronymo was no more. From that very day they publicly announced his death, and went into mourning. The circumstance of the ring left no doubt even in the mind of Antonia, and added a considerable weight to the addresses of the *Chevalier*.

"In the mean time, the violent impression which the young Countess had received from the sight of the apparition, brought on her a disorder so dangerous, that the hopes of Lorenzo were very near being destroyed forever. On her recovering she insisted upon taking the veil; and it was only at the serious remonstrances of her confessor, in whom she placed an implicit confidence, that she was brought to abandon her project. At length the united solicitations of the family, and the Confessor, wrested from her the desired consent. The last day of mourning was fixed on for the day of marriage, and the old Marquis determined to add to the solemnity of the occasion, by resigning all his estates to his lawful heir.

"The day arrived, and Lorenzo, received his trembling bride at the altar. In the evening a splendid banquet was prepared for the cheerful guests, in a hall superbly illuminated. The most lively and delightful music contributed to increase the general gladness. The happy old Marquis wished all the world to participate in his joy. All the entrances of the palace were set open, and every one who sympathized in his happiness was joyfully welcomed. In the midst of the throng"

The Sicilian paused. A trembling expectation suspended our breath.

"In the midst of the throng," continued the prisoner, "appeared a Franciscan monk, to whom my attention was directed by a person who sat next to me at table. He was standing motionless like a marble pillar. His shape was tall and thin; his face pale and ghastly; his aspect grave and mournful; his eyes were fixed on the new married couple. The joy which beamed on the face of every one present, appeared not on his. His countenance never once varied.—He seemed like a statue among living persons. Such an object, appearing amidst the general joy, struck me more forcibly from its contrast with every thing around me. It left on my mind so durable an impression, that from it alone I have been enabled (which would otherwise have been impossible) to recollect the features of this Franciscan monk in the Russian officer; for, without doubt, you must have already conceived, that the person I have described was no other than your Arminian.

[To be continued.]

AN ESSAY on LIGHT.

WHEN God had spoken into being that illustrious globe of light the sun, every dark orb in the new-created system was so illuminated, as to exhibit to its future inhabitants the vast variety of entertaining wonders, with which the creation was to be replenished.

Light, indeed, according to the Mosaic account, existed antecedent to the creation of the sun; and the yet imperfect world, without that bright luminary, enjoyed an alternate succession of day and night—God himself enlightened it, his spirit moved upon the surface of the chaotic mass, and 'divided the light from the darkness.'

When these divine beams were suspended, the same almighty power was pleased to supply their want, by fix-

ing the sun in the mighty void to give light upon the earth; whereas, if the world had been left in his original rayless state, our very eyes would have been but a useless ornament, and all the beauties about us for ever buried in eternal night.

But in obedience to God's command, the solar rays stream swiftly from their blazing fountain; and, by a regular and constant flow, always illuminate one half of the rolling world: their motion is so swift, and their quantity of matter so minute, that when they come within the sphere, they are out of the force of the earth's attraction; otherwise they would actually move about her with a compound motion, and make a perpetual sunshine.

Many of these rambling effluvia, in their passage from the sun, unavoidably miss our world, travel on from system to system, and lose themselves in the pathless regions of empty space; but here they never stream in vain; like so many ready obsequious servants they visit every object, fly to us unasked, and pleasantly entertain us every moment with the endearing beauties of the gay creation.

RESULTS of OBSERVATIONS for Sept. 1795.

Mean Temperature of the Thermometer on Fahrenheit's Scale.

| | | | deg. | 100 |
|---|---------------------|--|------|-----|
| At 8. A. M. | | | 65 | 56 |
| 1 P. M. | | | 72 | 9 |
| 6 P. M. | | | 70 | 75 |
| Do. | of the whole month, | | 60 | 94 |
| Greatest monthly range between the | | | | |
| 16th and 22d | | | 39 | 0 |
| Do. | in 24 hours between | | | |
| the 24th & 25th | | | 16 | 0 |
| The warmest day the | | | 87 | 0 |
| The coolest do the | | | 48 | 0 |
| 15 days it was clear at 8, 1, & 6 o'clock. | | | | |
| 5 do. it was cloudy at 8, 1, & 6 do. | | | | |
| 16 do. the wind was light. | | | | |
| 14 do. the wind was high. | | | | |
| 1 do. it was calm. | | | | |
| 8 do. it rained. | | | | |
| 23 do. the wind was to the westward of north & south. | | | | |
| 7 do. the wind was to the eastward of north & south. | | | | |

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 22d ult. to the 14th inst.

| Days of the Month. | Thermometer observed at | | | Prevailing winds. | OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER. | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|----------|----------|-------------------|------------------------------|-------|-----------|
| | 8, A. M. | 1, P. M. | 6, P. M. | | 8. | 1. | 6. |
| | deg. 100 | deg. 100 | deg. 100 | 8. 1. 6. | | | |
| Sept. 22 | 48 | 58 | 57 | N. NW. do. | clear | high | wind. |
| 23 | 53 | 68 | 66 | W. do. do. | clear | light | wind. |
| 24 | 57 | 66 | 50 64 | W. SW. S. | do. | high | do. |
| 25 | 58 | 73 | 72 | SW. do. do. | do. | do. | do. |
| 26 | 62 50 | 72 | 65 | SW. NE SE | cloudy, | do. | do. |
| 27 | 66 | 68 | 75 67 | E. do. SE. | do. | do. | do. |
| 28 | 66 | 73 | 25 68 50 | S. do. do. | clear | light | do. |
| 29 | 63 50 | 64 | 25 60 | NW. do. do. | cloudy | do. | do. |
| 30 | 50 | 58 | 75 60 | N. do. do. | clear, | light | wind. |
| Oct. 1 | 56 | 70 | 66 | NW. NE. S. | do. | do. | do. |
| 2 | 57 | 61 | 50 60 | NE. E. do. | cloudy | do. | do. |
| 3 | 55 50 | 63 | 50 62 | E. SE. do. | clear | do. | do. |
| 4 | 65 50 | 72 | 50 67 75 | S. do. SE. | do. | do. | do. |
| 5 | 65 | 75 | 69 | S. do. SE. | cloudy | do. | do. |
| 6 | 62 | 67 | 50 66 | W. NW. do. | clear, | do. | do. |
| 7 | 57 50 | 67 | 65 | W. do. S. W. | cloudy | do. | rain. |
| 8 | 54 | 54 | 55 | NW. do. do. | cloudy | do. | clear. |
| 9 | 51 | 62 | 50 61 | NW. W. do. | clear | do. | do. |
| 10 | 48 50 | 63 | 61 | W. do. S. | cloudy | do. | rain. |
| 11 | 60 | 69 | 65 | NW. W. do. | cloudy | do. | clear. |
| 12 | 55 50 | 66 | 66 | W. do. do. | do. | light | winds. |
| 13 | 60 | 71 | 66 | S. SW. do. | do. | calm | lig. wind |
| 14 | 61 | 68 | 68 | SW. do. d. | cloudy | do. | do. |

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

"We love him because he first loved us."

St. JOHN.

I LOVE the morning fair and clear,
When Sol's first fainter beams appear;
To see the sporting life around;
To hear with songs the woods resound.
I love the murmuring of the rill,
The summer evening cool and still;
Beneath the moon's reflected ray
To mark my lone uncertain way.
I converse love, when kind and free,
I love the joy-stampt face to see;
I love my friends who constant prove,
And all who virtue love, I love.

But far more thee my soul admires
Blest object of my warm desires,
From whom I being first deriv'd,
And since each grateful good receiv'd.
Beauty and Majesty are Thine,
But O! the height of Love Divine!
Though now I know it but in part,
This wins to Thee my raptur'd heart.
Whom does it not engage? above
How ardent is their glow of love!
Love is the burthen of their songs!
Love ceaseless dwells upon their tongues.

And I, as having much forgiv'n,
Would love thee as the blest in Heav'n;
But so inferior is my flame,
That it but just deserves the name.
Ardently now my Prayer I make——
"All this poor heart my sov'reign take:
"From low desires O! set it free,
"And bind eternally to Thee!"

PHILADEL.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A Prayer in Affliction.

SAVE me, O God!—the floods of grief
Like torrents roll high o'er my head:
Unless thou send me quick relief,
I sink for ever with the dead.
Oh! *Peter's God!* reach forth thy hand,
And make me on the billows stand.
My head is sick, my heart is faint,
In midnight shades of death I moan:
While Satan laughs at my complaint,
And mocks my tears, in rivers flown.
Alas! my Lord, my state survey,
And to relieve me come away.
O, *Sun of Righteousness*, arise
With healing underneath thy wing;
Illuminate these darksome skies,
And life, and health, and comfort bring:
That I may lift my sinking head
From these black mansions of the dead.
While passing life's rough ocean o'er,
My convoy let thy spirit be;
Till landed on that blissful shore
Of infinite felicity:
Where toil, and pain, and grief are o'er;
Where I shall sigh and weep no more.

NORTH-CASTLE, November 5, 1790.

ETHICUS.

To the EDITOR of the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The following piece was written a few years ago, but has never been introduced to the public eye. You are welcome to give it a place in your entertaining Magazine—yours, &c.

J. P.

NEW-YORK, Oct. 1.

AFFECTING EPISTLE TO AN HEIRESS.

MARIA! I'm resolv'd to tell my pain,
In spite of diffidence it must be told;
Torment, you know, will make the dumb complain,
(For instance) Balaam's cudgell'd beast of old.

Then Oh! attend, thou fairest of the fair,
Let one sweet smile a ray of hope impart;
In pity deign to hear my humble prayer,
And banish sorrow from my aching heart.

'Tis not thy pouting lip of rosy dye,
Nor breast where all the Loves delighted rove,
Nor the blue languish of thy speaking eye,
That in my bosom rous'd the flame of love.

Thy lip and breast and eye I much admire,
But charms less transient rob my soul of rest:
Thy Gold, thy Guineas, set me all on fire,
I long to rummage your papa's old chest.

But different eyes are struck with different charms,
Here's Damon, pierc'd by Cupid's poisoned dart,
Would gladly take you to his longing arms,
And ask no portion with you, but—a heart.

Then pray Maria!—let him have his whim,
And likewise pity my poor tortur'd breast,
To me your money give,—yourself to him,
And make at once a couple of us blest.

THE SNOW DROP.

THE Snow-drop opes its tender leaves,
To glitter in the day;
But time its short-liv'd bloom bereaves,
It fades and dies away.

See in this transient flow'r ye fair
An emblem of your pow'r
To-day it glows in the air,
The glory of an hour.

Should nightly frost invade the spot
Where smiles the early flow'r,
It withers and is soon forgot
In Flora's blooming bow'r.

Reflect on this ye beauteous fair,
Your precious minds improve,
Then shall fond man rejoicing wear
The chain of virtuous love.

O! ye in whom transcendent meet
Each grace that melts the heart!
So make your conquest more complete
To beauty join desert!